

FORNEMAL - NEW YORK STATE

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SERVICES ENROUTE

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The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Funeral Train Route

New York State

April 24–28, 1865

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

1865

We published yesterday morning the official announcement of the Acting Secretary of State, that the funeral of Mr. Lincoln would take place to-morrow. We hoped to be able to announce this morning that Gov. Fenton has changed the Fast Day, ordered for this State on Thursday, to the day of the funeral, but no proclamation to that effect has as yet—half an hour before going to press—reached us. We may yet receive it in time, in which case it will be found in another column; it not, and it should come later in the day, we shall publish it in our evening editions.

Gov. Fenton—having already changed from a Thanksgiving to a Fast, and from the 14th to the 20th inst.—has concluded not to change from the latter (to-morrow) to this day. His reason is that it was too late when he learned that the President's funeral would take place to-day instead of to-morrow to make a corresponding change in his recommendation of a Fast, as the news would not reach many of our rural neighborhoods earlier than this evening. **Let all who can join in the funeral honors to-**

day; let all who will observe the Fast to-morrow. No better arrangement was practicable.

The Nineteenth of April again becomes historical. It is the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, with which the American Revolution opened in 1775; it is the anniversary of the massacre of Massachusetts troops in Baltimore in 1861, when the first blood was shed in the Second War of American Independence; hereafter it will be thrice-hallowed as the anniversary of the funeral in the Capital of the Nation of that nation's murdered President. And not in Washington only; black mourning covers all the land. In every city and town and village the Stars and Stripes hang half-mast, heavy-laden and dimmed with black; men shroud their dwellings with the outward tokens of sorrow; the hearts of twenty millions of people are filled with a grief as for one of their own household, for never before since the world began has a nation mourned a Chief Magistrate with so sincere a feeling of personal bereavement, or remembered with an indignation so deep the manner of his death. A death so sudden, by assassination so atrocious; the victim so honored for his wisdom, so revered for his goodness, so revered by a people whom he had led through the darkest and painfulest and most critical period of its history, and bled them well nigh to a most glorious end—these are the thoughts that crowd all men's minds to-day, and fill all hearts with a grief whose outward token rests as a pall upon the land. As the Nineteenth of April, 1865, will never be forgotten by this generation, so the lesson that this Great Calamity has taught us will be handed down to our children's children.

The body of the President, we understand, will be brought to this city on its way to its final resting-place, and will arrive here on Saturday. It will remain here over Sunday when, if possible, the people will be admitted to a last look of the murdered President.

MR. LINCOLN'S FAME.

Without the least desire to join in the race of heaping extravagant and preposterous laudations on our dead President as the wisest and greatest man who ever lived, we feel sure that the discerning and considerate of all parties will concur in our judgment that Mr. Lincoln's reputation will stand higher with posterity than with the mass of his contemporaries—that distance, whether in time or space, while dwarfing

and obscuring so many, must place him in a fairer light—that future generations will deem him undervalued by those for and with whom he labored, and be puzzled by the bitter fierceness of the personal assaults by which his temper was tested.

One reason for this is doubtless to be found in the external, superficial, non-essential tests by which we are accustomed to gauge cotemporary merit. A king without his crown and purple robes is, to the vulgar apprehension, a solecism, an impossibility. A coarsely clad, travel-stained, barefoot Jesus, could get no hearing in our fashionable synagogues, though his every discourse were a Sermon on the Mount. And Mr. Lincoln was so essentially, unchangeably a commoner—among ambassadors and grandees in the White House the identical "Old Abe"—that many of us had shaken by both hands at Western barbecues—his homely, pungent anecdotes so like those we had heard him relate from political stumps and by log-cabin firesides—that the masses thought of him but as one with whom they had been splitting rails on a pleasant Spring day or making a prosperous voyage down the Mississippi on an Illinois flat-boat, and had found him a downright good fellow. We have had Presidents before him sprung from the loins of poverty and obscurity, but never one who remained to the last so simply, absolutely, alike in heart and manner, one of the People. No one who approached him, whether as minister or messenger, felt impelled either to stoop or to strut in his presence. He was neither awed by assumption nor disgusted by vulgarity. He was never constrained nor uneasy in whatever presence, and he imposed no constraint nor ceremony on others. Every one found him easy of access, yet no one felt encouraged to take undue liberties. Mr. Everett, one of the best bred, most refined and fastidious of our countrymen, after observing his bearing among the cabinet and foreign ministers, the governors, senators, generals, and other notables, collected at the Gettysburg celebration, pronounced him the peer in deportment of any one present. Presuming that to be the fact, it is probably due to the circumstance that he alone never thought of manners, nor how he nor any one else was appearing to others. His mind was intent on matters of wider and more enduring consequence.

Mr. Lincoln has suffered in the judgment of his immediate cotemporaries from the fact that, of all things that he might have been required to do, the conduct of a great war was that for which he was least fitted. For War requires the utmost celerity of comprehension, decision, action; and Mr. Lincoln's mind was essentially of the "slow and sure" order. It was pretty certain to be right in the end; but in War to be right a little too late is equivalent to being wrong altogether. Besides, War sometimes requires sternness; and he was at heart tender and merciful as a woman. He might have saved many lives by prompt severity toward a few of the active traitors who thronged Baltimore and Washington directly after the fall of Sumter, and openly, ostentatiously exulted over our disaster at Bull Run. That extreme lenity which befits the close of a civil war was most unluckily evinced by him at the beginning of ours, giving every coward to understand that, while there was peril in steadfast loyalty, it was perfectly safe to be a Rebel. To human appre-

hension, Andrew Johnson should have been the man to grapple with and crush the Rebellion with Abraham Lincoln to pacify the country and its close and heal the gaping wounds opened by four years of desperate, bloody conflict: but it was otherwise decreed.

There was never an hour when the strength, the resources of the Republic were not ample for the direct and signal overthrow of Slaveholding Treason; but the imbecility, incapacity, and lack of purpose, so common among our high Military officers in the early stages of our struggle—disqualifications which our Commander-in-Chief should have promptly overcome, even though it had been requisite to shoot a General daily for two or three months—long rendered our success at best doubtful. Hence, foreigners, who noted the effort without knowledge of the cause—confidently, and not unreasonably, predicted our ultimate failure. It was a perfectly natural, though happily ill-founded, deduction that a Government that could lose such a battle as that of Bull Run, when it had superabundant means to win it, could never put down a gigantic Rebellion. But our President was like our horse Eclips, in the great Northern and Southern match race of 1824, wherein the North was badly beaten on the first heat, but won the second and third.

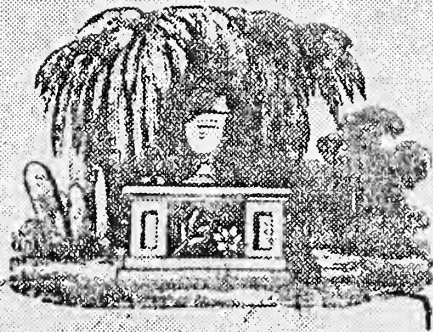
As Premier of a Government like the British, where the position requires skill and tact in debate while the duties of administration are divided, Mr. Lincoln would have been far more happily placed and would have done better service than in our Presidential chair, where the incumbent must mainly speak and act through others. His forte lay mainly in debate, or rather in the elucidation of profound truths, so that they can hardly evade the dulles apprehension. No other man ever so successfully confronted, before a prejudiced, negro-despising audience, the plausible fallacies of Senator Douglas's vaunted "Popular Sovereignty." His familiar exposition of that doctrine in his Springfield speech opening the Senatorial canvass of 1858—"If A. wants to make B. a slave, C. shall not interfere"—was only paralleled in that passage of one of his replies to his great antagonist, which reads:

"My distinguished friend says it is an insult to the emigrants of Kansas and Nebraska to suppose that they cannot govern themselves. We must not stir over the argument of this kind because it happens to tickle the ear. I admit that the emigrant to Kansas or Nebraska is competent to govern himself; but I deny his right to govern any other person without that person's consent."

Men of greater talent have made Republican speeches in this City; but Mr. Lincoln's Cooper Institute address of March, 1860, remains to this day the most, lucid, cogent, convincing argument of them all. So at the consecration of the Gettysburg National Cemetery (Nov. 19th, 1863) where Edward Everett made an elaborate and graceful oration, and others spoke fitly and well, the only address which the world will remember was that of the President, who simply said:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task re-

HEAD QUARTERS
ELEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.



Company C, Washington Rifles,

New-York, April 22, 1865,

In pursuance of Division, Brigade and Regimental Orders of this date, the members of this Company will parade in full Fatigue Dress, armed and equipped, on Tuesday, the 24th inst, to unite with their Fellow Citizens, rendering appropriate honors to the remains of that illustrious patriot.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

The late President of our Country, whose loss in the hour of Victory, the nation now deplures.

Roll Call and Company line will be formed at Regimental Armory at 10 o'clock A. M., precisely.

Members will wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm.

By Order of

EDWARD SCHUTT, Captain.

H. Bussie, Orderly Sergeant.

When Lincoln Was Buried—Above is a photograph of notice to the New York National Guard ordering that body to assemble in honor of the memory of the slain President on the day of his funeral, April 22, 1865. (Document by courtesy of G. H. Malchien, 1755 Canyon Drive, Hollywood.)

Woman Recalls Visiting Lincoln's Funeral Train

The discovery in old family papers by Mrs. Nettie M. Streeter, of Holyoke, Mass., of the picture of Abraham Lincoln's funeral car stirred memories of an awesome experience that Mrs. Streeter had when the cortege bearing the body of the assassinated President passed thru Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on a warm May day in 1865.

Mrs. Streeter, then Miss Nettie M. Tracy, of Titusville, N. Y., had tramped six miles with a group of 10 friends into Poughkeepsie to join the thousands that crowded around the railroad station there to see the special train bearing the bodies of the murdered Lincoln and his infant son, Tad, from Washington to Springfield, Ill.

Only a selected group, including the mayor of Poughkeepsie and a few prominent citizens, comprised the official delegation which could board the train during the 25-minute stop. In that delegation were three women.

Mrs. Streeter had her heart set on going into the funeral car to pay her respect personally to the late President of the United States. So did the thousands of others there. But she was the only one who came away with the thrill and grief of seeing the interior of the car and of passing by the coffin of President Lincoln, covered with the most beautiful black pall she had ever seen.

To hear her in her modest manner tell about how she defied all rules and guards to get into the car is the revelation of a remarkable woman whose ambitions are not to be thwarted by a "no" from anyone, not mentioning a brass-buttoned official.

She worked her way thru the dense crowd, slid under the ropes at just the right moment to follow the official delegation and feigned astutely enough to convince the rigid presidential guard that she was in the official group. All this she accomplished while there was at least one wealthy man behind the ropes who tried and failed to bribe a guard \$500 for a look at the inside of the car.

The interior of the car was divided into two sections. In one lay President Lincoln. In the other lay his son, Tad, whose death a year before at the White House was one of the tragedies of Lincoln's life. Tad Lincoln's death was the last child's death in the White House until that of Calvin Coolidge, jr., in 1924.

That all happened in May, 1865, and Mrs. Streeter, who celebrated her 88th birthday on Feb. 2, or, in her words, "Groundhog Day," recalls it and describes it as if it took place yesterday. It was one of the most vivid experiences of her interesting life.

Nettie M. Streeter
8-17-33

CHAPTER XIV.

The ferry boat landed at the foot of Desbrosses street, New York city, at ten o'clock a. m., April 24, and the coffin was at once conveyed to a magnificent hearse or funeral car, prepared especially for the occasion. The platform of this car was fourteen feet long and eight feet wide. On the platform, which was five feet from the ground, there was a dais, on which the coffin rested. This gave it sufficient elevation to be readily seen by those at a distance, over the heads of the multitude. Above the dais there was a canopy fifteen feet high, supported by columns, and in part by a miniature temple of liberty. The platform was covered with black cloth, which fell at the sides nearly to the ground. It was edged with silver bullion fringe, which hung in graceful festoons. Black cloth hung from the sides, festooned with silver stars, and was also edged with silver fringe. The canopy was trimmed in like manner, with black cloth, festooned and spangled with silver bullion, the corners surmounted by rich plumes of black and white feathers. At the base of each column were three American flags, slightly inclined outward, festooned and covered with crape.

The temple of liberty was represented as being deserted, or rather despoiled, having no emblems of any kind, in or around it, except a small flag on the top, at half-mast. The inside of the car was lined with white satin, fluted. From the centre of the canopy, a large eagle was suspended, with outspread wings, and holding in its talons a laurel wreath. The platform around the coffin was strewn with flowers. The

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CHAPTER XV.

The hearse car and Generals' car, or that occupied by the Guard of Honor, were transferred from Jersey City to New York on a tug boat. Those two, with seven others furnished by the Hudson River railroad, made up the train to convey the funeral party from New York to Albany. All things being in readiness, the train left the Thirtieth street depot at 4:15 p. m., April 25, leaving an immense multitude of spectators, the men with uncovered heads. They then dispersed, to treasure up the memories of that day to the end of their lives.

At all the stations were demonstrations of sorrow and respect. Fort Washington, Mount St. Vincent, Yonkers, Hastings, Dobb's Ferry, Irvington, Tarrytown, Sing Sing, Montrose, Peekskill, and many other stations, were all passed in quick succession. At many of them the train was greeted with minute guns and bands performing dirges. Funeral arches and inscriptions expressive of the sorrow of the people, were everywhere visible. At some of the stations groups of young ladies were standing on the platforms, representing the States, dressed in white with mourning badges. Many of the mottoes seen before were repeated. Among the new ones, were such as, "He died for truth." "Bear him gently to his rest."

Garrison's Landing, 6:20 p. m. This is opposite West Point, with which it is connected by a ferry. A company of Regular soldiers and all the West Point Cadets were drawn up in line. The officers of the Academy stood apart, all with uncovered heads. The

Cadets all passed through the funeral car and saluted the remains of their late Commander-in-Chief. Meanwhile, salutes were being fired from West Point, at the west side of the river.

At Cold Spring, an arch was visible, with a young lady representing the Goddess of Liberty weeping. She was supported by two boys, one representing a sailor, the other a soldier.

Fishkill, 6:55 p. m. The depot was artistically draped in mourning, with the motto, "In God we trust." Newburg is on the west side of the Hudson, opposite Fishkill. A flag draped in mourning was displayed from the house where General Washington had his headquarters in revolutionary times.

Poughkeepsie, 7:10 p. m. A bounteous supper was waiting here for the entire escort. A committee of seven ladies placed a wreath of roses on the coffin of the martyred President. A band, composed of students from Eastman's business college, accompanied the funeral train from New York. Professor Eastman, with the remainder of his twelve hundred pupils, helped to make up the twenty-five thousand assembled here. After a stay of nearly one hour, the train moved on, and from this time it was lighted by bonfires and torches, at the different stations. Passing Hyde Park and Straasburgh, the train reaches Rhinebeck at 8:35, but no stoppage. A torchlight procession enabled the assembled crowds of people to view the imposing funeral cortege as it flitted by. Barrytown, Tivoli, Germantown and Catskill present a scene of mourning, drapery, bonfires and torchlights; reaching Hudson at 9:45 p. m. Thousands of people were assembled, minute guns fired, buildings illuminated and draped in mourning. Stockport, Stuyvesant and Castleton were passed, at all of which were bonfires or torchlights.

Arrived at East Albany 10:55 p. m., to find the depot draped in mourning, bells tolling, cannon firing, soldiers marching, and three companies of firemen bear-

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ing torches to light the funeral party across the river to Albany. The remains were taken from the car and placed in a hearse. The entire party passed over on the ferryboat, and were escorted by a midnight torch-light procession to the State Capitol.

The coffin was deposited in the Assembly Chamber on a catafalque prepared for the occasion. Over the Speaker's desk appeared the following inscription: "I have sworn a solemn oath to preserve, protect and defend the Government."

At half past one o'clock on the morning of April 26, all being in readiness, the coffin was opened and the people admitted to view the remains. They passed by at the rate of sixty or seventy per minute from the commencement, and the number increased as daylight approached. When the morning dawned it revealed the fact that the whole city was draped in mourning, with mottoes and inscriptions tastefully displayed at appropriate points. Some of the most touching were quotations from Mr. Lincoln's own words, such as,

"The heart of the nation throbs heavily at the portals of the tomb."

"Let us resolve that the martyred dead shall not have died in vain."

The numbers increased, until the line of those awaiting admission was more than a mile in length, one half of them being ladies, all pressing towards the portals of the stately edifice. The cars and steamboats arriving that morning brought additional thousands to the city, many of them coming from one to two hundred miles. From the time of its arrival, the coffin was strewn with flowers of the most rare and costly varieties. As fast as they exhibited signs of fading, they were removed, and fresh ones put in their places. Solemn dirges were performed at intervals by the musical societies and bands. The stream of people continued to pour through the edifice,

CHAPTER XVI.

The train arrived at Schenectady at forty-five minutes past four o'clock, to find a multitude of people assembled. The depot, business and dwelling houses were draped in mourning. The women were much affected, many of them crying audibly, and tears coursed down many manly cheeks. The mechanics of the railroad shops all stood in line, with heads uncovered, and the utmost silence prevailed.

Amsterdam, 5:25 p. m. A crowd of people were at the depot. They were evidently from the country, as it was but a small village, and the line was almost a mile long. The train passed through an arch, decorated with red, white and blue, and draped in mourning. The village bells tolled from the time the train came within hearing until it passed.

Funda, 5:45 p. m. Depot, houses, and an arch across the railroad, all decorated with flags and draped in mourning. Minute guns were fired as the train arrived, and continued until it passed out of hearing.

Palatine Bridge, 6:25 p. m. In passing along the valley of the Mohawk river, the railroad runs under the Palatine Bridge, which was artistically decorated with flags, intertwined with mourning emblems. On approaching the village of the same name, a white cross was erected on a grassy mound. The cross was robed in evergreens and mourning. On each side was a woman, apparently weeping. Inscribed on the cross were the words, "We have prayed for you ; now we can only weep." The village buildings were draped

in mourning, minute guns fired, and a band was playing most solemn music.

Fort Plain, 6:32 p. m. The depot was draped in mourning, and a large gathering of people looked mournfully at the train as it swept by.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 6:47 p. m., April 26. The funeral escort were the guests of all the cities where they stopped for public demonstrations of respect to be paid to the remains. At Harrisburg they were quartered at the Jones House; in Philadelphia, at the Continental Hotel; in New York at the Metropolitan Hotel, and in Albany, at the Delavan House. The first place where the services of Captain Penrose, the commissary of subsistence, were brought into requisition, was on the run from New York to Albany, when it was necessary to have supper prepared at Poughkeepsie. Between Albany and Buffalo, the distance being too great to pass over without refreshments, Commissary Penrose made arrangements to have them supplied at St. Johnsville, and when the train arrived, a bounteous supper was in waiting. The depot was elaborately draped in mourning. Twenty-four young ladies, from the most wealthy and refined families of the village and surrounding country, dressed in white with black velvet badges, waited on the tables. After supper, these young ladies assembled, entered the hearse car, and placed a wreath of flowers on the coffin, and then the train moved on in its westward course.

It was now quite dark, and the remaining distance to Buffalo occupied the whole time until daylight.

Those on board the train remember this as having been the most remarkable portion of the whole route for its continuous and hearty demonstrations of respect—if any part could be so designated, where all were without precedent. Bonfires and torchlights illumined the road the entire distance. Minute guns were fired at so many points that it seemed almost continuous. Singing societies and bands of music

were so numerous that the sound of a dirge or in the distance, until in or village they were long hours of the night such honors that it seemed a mighty conqueror, though of the most humble class.

We will notice in places on the line.

Little Falls, N. Y. here long enough for of a shield and cross bore the following inscriptions:

"The ladies of Little Falls these flowers. The shield of our beloved President for the American people. The cross and the wreath as a token of our afflicted nation."

Herkimer, 7:50 p. m. dressed in white, with representing the third on the platform, surrounded by a band was playing solo and were thrown on board.

Ilion, N. Y., 7:56. brilliantly illuminated by boy zouaves were in line.

Utica, 8:25 p. m., All buildings draped in mourning. Minute guns were firing all along. A multitude of people followed in torchlight procession.

As the train swept by, people were gathered in groups and were waving flags.

were so numerous that, after passing a station, the sound of a dirge or requiem would scarcely die away in the distance, until it would be caught up at the town or village they were approaching. Thus through the long hours of the night did the funeral cortege receive such honors that it seemed more like the march of a mighty conqueror, than respect to the remains of one of the most humble of the sons of earth.

We will notice in detail some of the towns and villages on the line.

Little Falls, N. Y., 7:35 p. m. The train paused here long enough for a wreath of flowers in the form of a shield and cross, to be placed on the coffin. It bore the following inscription.

"The ladies of Little Falls, through their committee, present these flowers. The shield, as an emblem of the protection which our beloved President has ever proved to the liberties of the American people. The cross, of his ever faithful trust in God; and the wreath as a token that we mingle our tears with those of our afflicted nation."

Herkimer, 7:50 p. m. Thirty-six young ladies, dressed in white, with black sashes, and holding flags representing the thirty-six States of the Union, were on the platform, surrounded by a vast multitude. A band was playing solemn music, and wreaths of flowers were thrown on board the train as it moved slowly past.

Ilion, N. Y., 7:56. Remington's gun factory was brilliantly illuminated. A torchlight procession and boy zouaves were in line.

Utica, 8:25 p. m., April 26. The depot and other buildings draped in mourning. Many banners were displayed in mourning and bearing inscriptions. Minute guns were firing and bands playing solemn dirges. A multitude of people were assembled and a gorgeous torchlight procession was in line.

As the train swept by Whitesboro and Oriskany, the people were gathered in crowds around large bonfires, and were waving flags trimmed with mourning.

Rome, April 26, 9:10 p. m. It was raining heavily when the train arrived at this place, but there was an immense crowd assembled at the depot, which was richly draped in mourning. A band of music on the platform was playing a dead march.

Green's Corners and Verona were next passed, at both of which large numbers of people were standing around bonfires.

Oneida, 9:50 p. m. An arch draped in mourning, bore the inscription: "We mourn with the nation." The depot was decorated with flags all draped in mourning. A crowd of people were at the depot, the men with heads uncovered. A company of firemen bearing lighted torches were in line.

At Canastota, Canaseraga, Chittenango, Kirkville and Manlius, the people stood around bonfires and carried lighted torches to see the funeral cortege on its westward course.

Syracuse, April 26, 11:05 p. m. The depot and adjoining buildings were almost covered with the insignia of sorrow. Many dwellings were illuminated and mourning drapery suspended around the windows. Tears coursed down the cheeks of both men and women. Minute guns were firing and bands playing solemn dirges. The scene was grand and imposing.

Memphis, N. Y., midnight. At this place, and Warners, just passed, people stood in groups, with uncovered heads and lighted torches, to see the funeral cortege glide past.

At Weedsport, Jordan, Port Byron, Savannah, Clyde, Lyons and Newark, the depots were draped in mourning, bonfires and torchlights revealed groups of men and women with bare heads standing for hours in the middle of the night to catch a passing view of the great funeral.

Palmyra, N. Y., April 27, 2:15 a. m. The depot is nicely decorated, and men, women and children flock about the hearse car.

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Meriden was next passed, and a bonfire threw a glare of light on the whole surrounding scene.

Fairport, 2:50 a. m. The people with lighted torches, banners, badges and mourning inscriptions were assembled in large numbers, to view the funeral train.

Rochester, N. Y., 3:20 a. m, Thursday, April 27. Here there were assembled an immense multitude, numbering many thousands. The Mayor, City Council, military and civic organizations were out in full force. The depot was draped in mourning, and inscriptions and mottoes were displayed, expressive of the sorrow of the people. From the time the funeral cortege arrived until it passed out of hearing distance, minute guns were fired, bells tolled and bands performed measured and mournful music.

The towns, Coldwater, Chili, Churchville, Bergen, West Bergen and Byron were passed. At all of these the people were gathered in groups around bonfires, and some were carrying lighted torches, all eager to obtain a view of the funeral cortege of Abraham Lincoln.

Batavia, N. Y., 5:18 a. m., April 27. A large number of citizens were assembled at the depot, which was richly draped in mourning. A choir of male and female voices were singing a requiem. Minute guns were firing and bells tolling from the time the cortege arrived until it passed out of hearing.

At Crofts, Corfu, Alden, Wende and Lancaster, the depots were draped, flags displayed and the people stood in groups with uncovered heads, as the funeral cortege glided by. Soon after daylight, in passing a farm house, a group of children were seen in a wagon waving flags trimmed with mourning, towards the train.

Buffalo, N. Y., 7 a. m., Thursday, April 27. The following editorial appeared in the *Buffalo Daily Express*, a few days after the assassination :

"How reverently Abraham Lincoln was loved by the common people; how much they had leaned upon the strength of his heroic

Society placed an elegantly formed harp, made of choice white flowers, at the head of the coffin, which was overshadowed by a crape canopy, and the space lighted up by a large chandelier in the ceiling. Ex-President Fillmore was among the civilians composing the escort to St. James Hall. Large numbers of Canadians came over to Buffalo during the day, to manifest their sympathy by taking part in the procession and viewing the remains. The funeral party being the guests of the city, were quartered at the Mansion House. All kinds of business was suspended, and it was estimated that between forty and fifty thousand persons took a parting look at the remains. At eight o'clock in the afternoon the coffin was closed; about nine it was taken back to the depot, and at ten p. m. the train resumed its journey.

CHAPTER XVII.

At New Hamburg, North Evans, Lake view, Angola and Silver Creek, the depots were draped in mourning, large bonfires were burning, and the people were assembled in great numbers to see the funeral cortege of the martyred President.

Dunkirk, N. Y., 12:10 a. m., Friday, April 28. The depot was elaborately and artistically decorated with mourning drapery and festoons of evergreens. An immense throng of people were assembled, who stood with heads uncovered as the train moved up. The principal feature of the scene was a group of thirty-six young ladies, representing the States of the Union, dressed in white, with black scarfs on their shoulders. All were kneeling, and each held in her hands a national flag. It was a beautiful tableau, as seen at the midnight hour by the glare of more than a hundred lamps and torches. When the train stopped, the young ladies entered the funeral car and placed a wreath of flowers and evergreens on the coffin. The firing of minute guns, the tolling of bells, and the band performing a requiem, combined with the other parts to present a spectacle such as had never before been witnessed on the shores of Lake Erie.

At Brockton there was a crowd standing with heads uncovered and in silence as the train passed by.

Westfield, N. Y., one o'clock a. m., April 28. The train stopped for wood and water, and a delegation of five ladies placed a cross and wreath of roses on the coffin. It bore the inscription:

"Our's, the Cross; Thine, the Crown."

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All of them were affected to tears, and considered it a privilege to kiss the coffin.

Ripley, N. Y. Flags were draped in mourning, bonfires blazing, and the people stood in groups with heads uncovered.

State Line, between New York and Pennsylvania, 1:32 a. m., April 28. A bonfire was blazing, flags were draped, and a large number of people were assembled to look at the funeral cortege of Abraham Lincoln.

North East, Pa., 1:47 a. m. A little girl came on board with a cross and wreath of roses and other flowers, and placed it on the coffin. The cross bore the inscription: "Rest in Peace." Major General Dix took leave of the remains at this place and returned to New York. F. F. Faran, Mayor of Erie, and others, came on board.

Erie, Pa., 2:50 a. m., April 28. The citizens of Erie were making arrangements to give suitable reception to the honored remains, when they were informed by the Superintendent of the Cleveland & Erie railroad that the funeral escort had made a special request that no public demonstration be made at that place, in order to give them an opportunity for repose. The request was unauthorized, but it deprived them of a mournful pleasure. Notwithstanding this, a large number of people were assembled at the depot, where a transparency was displayed, with the inscription:

"Abraham Lincoln may die, but the principles embalmed in his blood will live forever."

Girard, Pa. A large number of people were collected at the depot, which was draped with mourning and illuminated with bonfires.

Springfield, Pa., 2:27 a. m., April 28. A large crowd of people, with lighted torches and drooping flags were assembled at the depot to see the funeral cortege pass by.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HIS

LIFE, PUBLIC SERVICES, DEATH

AND GREAT FUNERAL CORTEGE,

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NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT,

By JOHN CARROLL POWER.

MONUMENTAL EDITION.

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